

# The Omen

## Special Dictator Appreciation Issue



Pol Pot

Don't hate  
me because I'm  
beautiful...



Joseph Stalin

Come give  
your Uncle  
Ho a  
kiss!

No, I am  
NOT Ving  
Rhames!

FEEL  
YOUR  
HATE!



The Emperor

Second front...  
what were you  
thinking?



Adolf Hitler

OH,  
BITE MY  
CRANK,  
STALIN!

PINOCHET  
IS DOWN  
LIKE DAT



Ho Chi Minh

DON'T  
HAVE A  
COW,  
MAN!



Idi Amin



Mao Tzedong



Pinochet

DICTATIN'  
PHAT BEATS,  
YO!



Ayatollah Khomeini

WHO'S  
YO  
DADDY?



Ronald Reagan

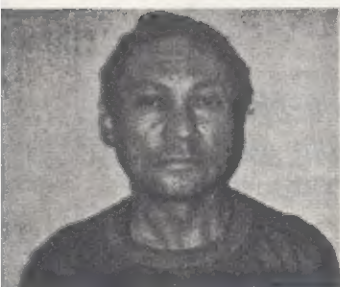
Has  
anyone  
seen my  
pants?

What?  
What did  
I do?

OPE,  
GOOSED  
YOU  
GOOD!



Benito Mussolini



Manuel Noriega

**Fun with History's  
Greatest Monsters!**



# c o n t e n t s

## The New Regime

Don't Bother Reading This.....	page 5	I Don't Hate, I Defend.....	page 20
The Looove Boooot.....	page 10	Puppy Dick Returns.....	page 21
Home Shopping Network.....	page 12	Giving Head...lines!.....	page 23
Hair of the Dog.....	page 13		

## The Old Regime

The Man.....	page 4	Fear Leads to Hate.....	page 16
Yippee Ki-Yay, Mother Fucker.....	page 6	Get Wade a Life, Please!.....	page 17
Dear Abby.....	page 7	Psycho-Drama.....	page 18
The 36 Dollar Article.....	page 8	Look at the Cheerleaders!.....	page 22
Wilder in the Wild.....	page 14	Rick and Sore-Ass.....	page 24

## The Omen

Volume 12, Number 7  
April 30, 1999

### Editors and Staff

Michelle Beach.....	Rules with an Iron Fist
Jacob Chabot.....	Rules with an Iron Leg
Mark Hugo.....	Rules with an Iron Colon
Jason Wilder Konschak.....	Rules with a Five Iron
Michael Pierce.....	Rules with Iron Buttocks
Jess VanScoy.....	Rules with an Iron Giggle
Dave Killen.....	Rules with an Iron Pee-Pee
Wade Stuckwisch.....	Rules with an Iron Liver
Aemily Reshen.....	Rules with an Iron Inner Thigh
Gareth Edel.....	Rules with Abs of Steel
Tyler Carey.....	Rules with an Iron Gall-Bladder
Gus Andrews.....	Rules with an Iron Earlobe

### Contributors

Eric Becker  
Brady Burroughs  
Jennifer Barr-DiPiazza  
Jen Howk  
Jen Peña  
Tamaira Reid

*"Trust me. Find a fat person and ask them to jiggle. It's hilarious."*

*-Mark Hugo on why Chris Farley is funny*



## Submit to us ...

**T**he Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

**Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community** and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (G-112, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Michelle Beach (B-304, x4472). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

*The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.*



# EDITORIAL

## Community Shmunity

by Michelle Beach

Last year, Hampshire students passed a referendum saying they would pay Hampshire extra money each year in order to create an endowment for a community center. This money was to be in addition to the extravagant amount already paid to the college and not included in the Student Activities Fee.

The referendum was brought to the Trustees who largely ignored it. They took enough time to look at it, decide it was a nice gesture on behalf of Community Council, and that Council can take as much money as it wants out the Student Activities Fee. The Trustees didn't seem to care that it was not Council who wanted this but the students. They also didn't seem to care that the Student Activities Fee already went to important things like paying the Five College Bus Fee and funding the ever growing number of student groups.

When voting for the community center endowment, students were assured that this money would not come out of the Student Activities Fee—that it would not hurt student groups.

It is true that the college can not require students to pay money into an endowment. Endowments must be gifts. However, they could have told us this and provided suggestions

for other ways of collecting the money. Instead they assumed that it would come out of the Student Activities Fee.

Because the SAF was recently raised, this didn't seem like an awful request (though still unfair). However, student groups on campus asked for more money this semester than they ever had in the past. Taking out the money for the community center endowment would be devastating to them next semester.

Do we really need a community center anyway? **How is one building going to create increased community on campus?**

The buildings we have obviously don't work. Why should a new one?

It would just be another place for rich, lazy Hampshire students to leave their trash lying around. Another place for furniture and TVs to be stolen from (last year some places on campus removed the TVs before the last two weeks of school to prevent theft—why are we stealing from ourselves?). Another place for the walls to be spray painted. Even if we build the best building possible, it won't do anything to create community and it won't even stay nice for very long. Why should we get new things when we can't even take care

of what we have?

Maybe Hampshire doesn't need any more community. Perhaps there is already enough and people just are unable to see it. Hampshire students are too different to form a large community. There are a number of small communities on campus already.

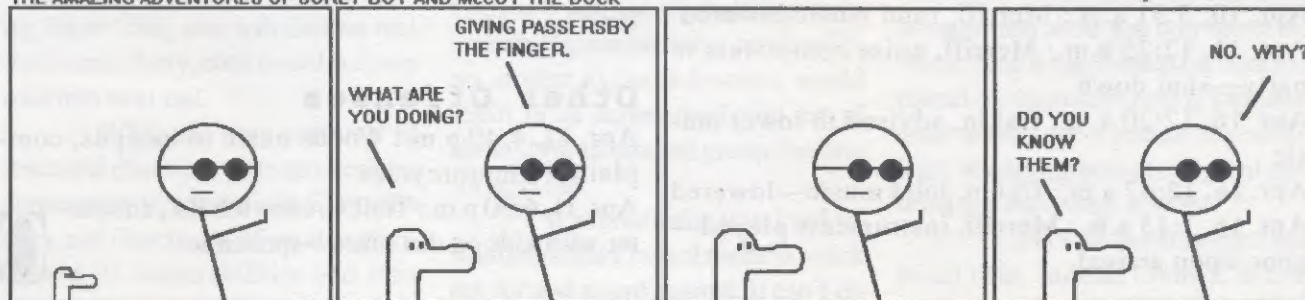
Hampshire students are all so different. The only thing we have in common is that we are exactly that—Hampshire students. And that is enough community. Building a community center will only serve to fragment the campus more.

Sure, groups of people will use it, but even larger groups won't. There will be constant struggle between the students and the administration about who is in control of the space. Items will be destroyed and stolen and eventually the building will look as awful as everything else on campus.

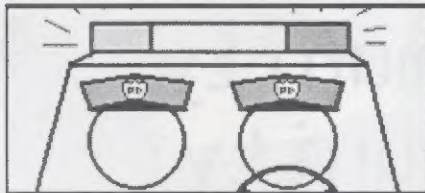
The college has survived for almost 30 years with out a community center and it can survive more. Keep the Airport Lounge what it is, bring the TV back and put student groups in the offices there. And don't let your money get sucked away into an endowment for a building that doesn't and will never (any time soon, at least) exist. There are lots of better things to spend it on.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK

by Jacob Chabot







# POLICE LOG!

## April 6 - April 19

### Intrusion Alarm

Apr. 14, 10:41 a.m.: RCC, accidental  
Apr. 14, 9:17 p.m.: Johnson Library Center, accidental  
Apr. 15, 4:18 p.m.: Film and Photo, accidental  
Apr. 16, 8:25 a.m.: Blair, accidental

### Fire Alarm

Apr. 6, 7:45 p.m.: Greenwich, cooking smoke  
Apr. 10, 11:40 p.m.: Merrill, cigarette smoke  
Apr. 12, 12:11 p.m.: Greenwich, cooking smoke  
Apr. 17, 4:12 a.m.: Prescott, cooking smoke  
Apr. 18, 2:21 p.m.: Merrill A-1, cooking smoke

### Suspicious Person

Apr. 7, 10:15 p.m.: Prescott Quad, gone on arrival  
Apr. 15, 10:44 a.m.: Dakin Lot, person replacing windshield

### Motor Vehicle Stop

Apr. 9, 8:16 p.m.: Greenwich Rd, no complete stop at stop sign, verbal warning

### Motor Vehicle Tow

Apr. 19, 2:28 a.m.: Prescott, vehicle towed from faculty/staff lot—on tow list  
Apr. 19, 3:45 a.m.: Prescott, vehicle towed from faculty/staff lot—on tow list

### Disturbance

Apr. 7, 1:21 p.m.: Merrill, noise complaint  
Apr. 9, 12:44 a.m.: Prescott, persons throwing bottles—dispersed  
Apr. 10, 3:51 a.m.: Merrill, loud music lowered  
Apr. 11, 12:25 a.m.: Merrill, noise complaints re party—shut down  
Apr. 16, 12:20 a.m.: Dakin, advised to lower music  
Apr. 16, 12:47 a.m.: Dakin, loud music—lowered  
Apr. 16, 1:13 a.m.: Merrill, instruments played—gone upon arrival

Apr. 16, 1:37 a.m.: Merrill, instruments played—gone upon arrival

Apr. 17, 12:47 a.m.: FPH, band practice—finished

Apr. 18, 1:22 a.m.: Greenwich music—lowered

Apr. 18, 2:40 a.m.: Prescott, crowd dispersed

Apr. 18, 4:32 a.m.: Dakin, music lowered on arrival

Apr. 18, 4:55 a.m.: Dakin, noise and music lowered

### Vandalism

Apr. 7, 1:23 p.m.: Merrill, roof door lock broken

Apr. 9, 1:37 a.m.: Film and Photo, graffiti on wall

Apr. 12, 7:52 a.m.: Film and Photo, graffiti on building

Apr. 13, 6:08 p.m.: Enfield, gate broken—post scorched

### Larceny

Apr. 11, 7:15 p.m.: Enfield Lot, passport stolen from motor vehicle

Apr. 13, 1:06 p.m.: Dakin, bike stolen

### Special Services

Apr. 8, 9:15 p.m.: Physical Plant, op van with lights on

Apr. 12, 2:32 p.m.: Merrill, cut lock off of bike

Apr. 18, 8:12 p.m.: Film and Photo, emergency lights turned off—back on

### Fire

Apr. 6, 9:58 p.m.: Johnson Library Center, bulletin board fire

Apr. 13, 3:09 a.m.: Enfield, extinguished with water

### Other Offenses

Apr. 11, 4:40 p.m.: Woods north of campus, complaint re motorcycles

Apr. 11, 6:30 p.m.: Trail/Greenwich Rd., encounter with kids on dirt bikes—spoken to





# Governance at Hampshire

by Jen Howk



To: The Hampshire Community

From: The Ad-Hoc Committee for the Development of Sustainable Leadership at Hampshire College  
(Executive members: Jen Howk and Nat Irons)

*Note: This report is divided into two sections: the report on Hampshire governance, and the Committee's recommendations. Due to space constraints, the full Report on Hampshire Student Activity and Community Governance and all supplements do not appear here, but may be obtained by contacting the Committee at [camphamp@yahoo.com](mailto:camphamp@yahoo.com).*

## I. REPORT ON THE STATE OF COMMUNITY GOVERNANCE AT HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE

### A. Community Council

By even the most optimistic accounts and lowest standards, S99 has been a fantastically discouraging semester in terms of sustainability in community governance. Community Council has endured particularly challenging turnover since January: a new Chairperson, a new Elections and Information Committee Chairperson, a new Committee on Campus Development Chairperson, and a total of nine new voting members this semester alone. An initial overview of F99 doesn't look any more stable: both committees mentioned above will be chaired by new people, as will Council's Financial Committee, its Committee on Campus Activities, and possibly others as well. There will also be a new Secretary and a new Parliamentarian.

It should come as no surprise, then, that Council has been struggling to find its collective footing for months, and will find no real resolution, if any, until it settles down well into next fall.

While the very presence of structural chaos provides an excellent opportunity to re-evaluate Council's roles and directions, it has also highlighted its vulnerabilities and thus opened the body up to executive chal-

lenge. The most obvious and immediate of these challenges is the Board of Trustees' interpretation of the Community Center referendum that students passed overwhelmingly last spring.

The referendum asked, simply, whether students would approve of adding \$25 to their semester's tuition bill, and funneling that extra revenue into a "Community Center Endowment." By coincidence, that same semester Community Council approved a semesterly \$58 Student Activities Fee increase. That money, like the rest of the SAF, was to be thrown into the big Council hopper and shelled out to student organizations through Ficom. Council *never* thought it was or agreed to earmark that \$25 per student for the community center endowment.

Because they couldn't justify spending tuition money for an endowment (tuition money goes toward operational costs only), **Greg and the Trustees decided to construe the SAF increase as Council and the students' extremely generous gift to the nascent community center endowment.** In other words: they chose to ignore the referendum. This presents a substantial difficulty for Community Council's funding of student groups: projected figures tell us that devoting \$25 per student to the endowment would result in an across-the-board cut of about 24% to student group funding for next fall.

It's precisely this kind of weirdness that Council needs to watch out for and guard against. It can't do

that efficiently until it finds a united voice, and creates a framework to consistently support that voice in an effective, legitimate, legislative way.

### B. Community Review Board and Judicial Council

While details remain sketchy and outcome still unclear, this semester's procedural antics of Hampshire's Community Review Board must be addressed. In November, the *Forward*, Hampshire's newspaper of record, published a story about a student that resulted in that student bringing charges of sexual harassment and violation of community norms against the story's author and the *Forward's* editor at the time. The charges were brought, logically, to Hampshire's Community Review Board. CRB's purpose is, according to *Non Satis Non Scire*, "to provide fair and equitable procedures for Hampshire students accused of violating the 'Norms for Community Living.' . . . (and) recommend an appropriate sanction to the dean of students for implementation."

CRB procedures have gone unused for so long that the college has apparently forgotten how to go about them. By all accounts and observations, process has been compromised in this case to extents that are extreme even by Hampshire standards. From the scheduling of the hearing to selection of the board to communication between the board and students involved to all kinds of vagueness about just how secret the whole thing is supposed to be, what has passed for procedure here is kangaroo court at best, and a prelude to real-life legal wrangling between slighted students and the college at worst.

CRB's all-but-forgotten fraternal twin, Judicial Council, is also

*continued on page 9*



# SHAKEN, *not* STIRRED

## World's Wildest High School Shootings

by Dave Killen

**A**bout ten years ago a film opened that re-defined its genre and anticipated countless imitators over the years to come. With its tense action sequence and clever plot devices, *Die Hard* was a huge hit. While it is most remembered for making Bruce Willis' career, there is another character in the film that may have more relevance today. A key plot twist occurs when an overzealous and self-centered TV news reporter reveals the identity of John McLane's wife on the air, making her an obvious target for the terrorists. While the film's portrayal of the media in this way was meant as satirical absurdity, with the recent events in Colorado and the subsequent behavior of the television stations covering it, it is becoming more and more obvious that *Die Hard*'s characterization of the media is no longer that far off.

My first source of information on the massacre was CNN. Given its reputation, I expected at least slightly more intelligent, comprehensive and respectful coverage than I'm used to from News Channel "We have a helicopter!" 8 in Oregon. I was amazed at how wrong it proved me. For an hour I watched the same two chunks of video (kids running out of the school under police guard; a girl walking across the frame crying) and the same vacant anchorwoman ask the most inane, unanswerable and insensitive questions possible of the survivors. I didn't learn anything. At the end of the hour I knew only what I had going in: that there had been a terrible shooting at a high school in Colorado. That, and that those soulless people who sit behind the desks and regurgitate what's written in front of them are grossly mislabeled when referred to as "reporters." It wasn't news, it was spectacle. Watching it felt like slowing down on a highway to gawk at a horrible accident.

Having grown up in a family permeated with newspaper journalists, I am admittedly biased in favor of print media. By that same token, however, I have had enough contact with these people to know at least a little bit about the way they generally do their jobs. A newspaper, since it is incapable of being an instantaneous source of information, recognizes the value in taking time to construct a story

and confirm its content. While TV news does not have this luxury, it has reacted to this lack by going to the completely opposite extreme. Far inferior to newspapers in terms of both the amount of information it can contain and the quality with which it can deliver it, **TV news has latched fully onto its instantaneousness and runs with it.** Whereas a newspaper reporter thinks in terms of constructing a story, a television reporter thinks in terms of shock value. Without the time, skill or desire to present a complete and coherent picture of the event it is reporting, TV news sinks to the point where it is barely above exploitation.

A perfect example of this occurred in the middle of the Colorado tragedy, and is the source of my *Die Hard* analogy. Some terrified kid, having barricaded himself in an empty classroom, called one of the news stations that had already arrived on the scene from a cell phone. While the siege was still fully underway, he had dialed the station because its phone number was displayed on the screen under its already-airing coverage, which he was watching as it was broadcast live on a television in the classroom he was hiding in. Rather than connecting him directly to the police, the station patched him through to the anchor, *on the air*, who proceeded to ask him potentially life-threatening questions (such as his location), a la *Die Hard*. He was kept on the air for almost three minutes before the anchor, apparently in a moment of revelation, burst out, "Oh! You should hang up right now and call the police!" She failed to come to this realization before racking up some pretty serious voyeurism points for her station.

It's not that the print media is perfect. They're far from it; and little slivers of TV style sensationalism can be seen even in the *New York Times*. Still, even the most sensationalist (excepting tabloids) papers are, in the end, at the very least more respectful of the people their stories involve. This is not to say they never hurt them; sometimes they do. Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward (writing for one of the most sensationalist papers, the *Washington Post*) effectively forced Nixon out of office, but they

*continued on page 11*



# Really Real Letters



**ASK THE EVIL TWIN**  
HEALTH AND COMMUNITY  
AT HAMPSHIRE

by Gareth Edel

**M**ore proof that *Omen* readers are fucked up. After all these weeks I finally have letters to respond to. I have to tell you that although the letters are placed here under assumed names, they are really written by other people, I did not write these and the *Omen* doesn't take responsibility for the material contained here.

*Dear Evil Twin,*

I've started to have thoughts about killing mutants in the desert. I've started to put steel reinforcements on my Honda. I think I'm becoming a road warrior. How can I tell? I'm afraid my friends and family won't accept me. Is this wrong?

- Confused and Trigger Happy In  
Frog Town

*Dear Trigger,*

If you have at any point had the uncontrollable urge to yell "die mutant scum" and carry a pipe bomb, I think you should do some soul searching and think about it.

Although there are those out there who say that *Via-Belatoritis* (commonly known as road warrior syndrome) is a psychological disease, new evidence suggests it is partially genetic and that it is simply part of who you are. You should be proud of who you are. Your family loves you and will eventually adjust and your true friends will still love ya.

- Evil Twin

*Dear Evil Twin,*

I think my friend is a road warrior. He's been hinting to me to get armor and go out in piecemeal armor, and go on fast drives down

deserted highways. I'm starting to feel uncomfortable around him. How can I tell him that I "don't swing that way?" Will I lose him as a friend?

- Not a road warrior—phobe in  
Truth or consequences, NM

*Dear Not-Phobe,*

I think it is best to work through your road warrior issues before you talk to him. If he is really your friend he will understand that you cannot share in that part of his life, assuming of course that his deviant behavior doesn't disgust you beyond the point of wanting to not be friends anymore. I personally like to occasionally go the rough road warrior style.

- Evil Twin

*Dear Evil Twin,*

After I play with myself for three days in a row I feel like I have to pee, but can't. Then I start frothing at the mouth. The foam is turquoise and sprays every where. Am I gay??

- Confused and Messy in J2

*Dear Messy,*

The peeing thing has to do with the pressure of blood on your prostate and bladder. Don't worry. The foaming thing is serious—you might be an alien. Consult a physician by calling 1-800-555- CIA-0. Oh, and by the way, if I were foaming at the mouth I wouldn't worry about my sexual orientation, freak... see a doctor.

- Evil Twin.

*Dear Evil Twin,*

The endless toils and haunting ennui of a liberal arts student can sometimes be overwhelming. Me, I just masturbate. A lot. Like five or more times a day. When most

students take cigarette breaks in the middle of a long class I go back to my room and "relieve stress."

**Chafing gets to be a problem but Vaseline Intensive Care and a Victoria's Secret catalogue can do wonders.**

So recently, Twin, I started noticing the cute Div. I in my "Feminism and Modernity in the Third World Context" class. I'm not very good with the opposite sex, but I did manage to strike up a couple of conversations with her and I felt like she warmed up to me. Soon, she was always on my mind and the thought of her combined with the spring weather made me start spanking it even more. Then the other night at a party I saw her. We talked, danced, had some drinks. Then she invited me to come up to her room. I won't go into too many details, but she jerked me off for almost half an hour and I never got past half mast. Bottom line is: I think I am gay. What should I do?

- Lazy and Oily Mr. Spanky

*Dear Spanky,*

When you get drunk, erectile function can be compromised. If the girl you were with hasn't charged you with date rape, ask her out and try it again sober. Then if it doesn't work you're either gay or you need Viagra.

- Evil Twin

That's all this week. As always, letters can come to me at box 1419, Hampshire College. Thanks.

**O**



# Great Balls of Pleasure

by Aemily dara Reshen and Jennifer Barr-DiPiazza

**T**he word of the day is: balls. Big, hairy, slimy-with-sweat balls. Marilyn Manson's balls. Yes, Hampsters, once again we were reunited in order to brave another Marilyn Manson concert and bring you this kick ass review of why little slutty girls should not be let out past their bedtime AND to give you new fascinating tips about what masking tape can do for YOUR cleavage.

First off, we rolled into the Roy Rogers on the MassPike to get some pre-show sustenance—you know, some nasty, cheesy slabs of “meat” with LOTS of ketchup (to make up for the fact that you can't order ‘em rare) and fries. Accompanying us on our excursion were Quiet-Anorexic-And-When-I-Do-Eat-It-Takes-Me-A-Million-Years-Goth Girl and Token-Asian-Goth Chick. Our first indication of the twilight zone-esque tone of the evening occurred when we were purchasing our “food” and the zitty teenager behind the cash register inquired, “So... you guys going to the concert?” All of the sudden we felt like we were warped to some itty, bitty town in Tennessee or something (YEAH, we're talking shit about Tennessee). Was it the way we were dressed? Were we to believe that its not common for four chicks to roll up to the Roy Rogers in “dark and gothic” attire?? Who knew we'd cause such a scene? Little old ladies cowered behind their fried chicken in fear and loathing, skeezy, sleep-deprived truckers dragged even harder on their cigarettes while giving us lustful looks, and small children cried out in the night in terror! Meanwhile Quiet-Anorexic-And-When-I-Do-Eat-It-Takes-Me-A-Million-Years-Goth Girl took about an hour to eat a

cookie and then we were on the road again, with a little Sisters of Mercy playing in the background (to remind us of what GOOD music is).

After forking over the \$10 for parking (will the *Omen* please reimburse us for that too?), we arrived at The Centrum and got our nifty AND quite fashionable BRIGHT green floor seating arm bracelets. On our way to the floor we were forced to **witness the horror of I-Just-Dyed-My-Hair-Purple-But-Its-Dripping-All-Over-My-Clothes Dude.** (Lesson #1 for little kids playing with hair dye: Remember to wash it out BEFORE you leave the house, especially when you might be wearing a WHITE t-shirt AND attending a hot and sweaty concert). As we moved our way through the crowd, Token-Asian-Goth Chick noted, “Hey. Everyone here is white. I am the Token-Asian-Goth Chick.” Hence her name. Just when we thought that the inhumanity of our lives couldn't get any worse, we were stopped by little SLUTTY girl cries of “How did you get your face white?!!!” At this point we all regretted Aemily's make-up. We were forced to listen to the absurd attempts of Masking-Tape-Cleavage Girl (who had an Elvira-goes-even-sluttier get-up on) to get her face white—she tried Baby Powder, chalk, flour and her Daddy's cocaine. Unfortunately, it had not occurred to her to GO BUY SOME WHITE POWDER (come on, like every mall doesn't have a

Hot Topics...).

Ok, enough of this filler, the opening band, Nashville Pussy, SUCKED JUICY HEMORRHOID ASS!! They were loud, obnoxious assholes with either breasts or bald spots. They also blasphemed lesbianism/bisexuality by having the two hoes playing stringed instruments kiss on stage, only to satisfy the urges of Whipping-His-T-shirt-Around-His-Head-In-The-Air-Redneck Boy, who subsequently left the concert hall after Nashville Pussy's set ended. Token-Asian-Goth Chick sat on the floor the whole time, unable to exert the emotional strength needed to look at the stage.

Nashville Pussy's songs consisted of all the ways to kill your wife/girlfriend/ho, shooting people's balls with guns, and the love of Roy Rogers' hamburgers. It was very lame and we all thought that we had shown up on the wrong night for the concert. All of us except for Whipping-His-T-shirt-Around-His-Head-In-The-Air-Redneck Boy that is. After their set finally ended, we were once again forced to “chat” with Masking-Tape-Cleavage Girl and her band of little, slutty junior high-school hos and Random-androgenous Boy. As it turns out, Masking-Tape-Cleavage Girl is



MarilynManson has something in hs eye—“Get it out!”



one of the great minds of this century. She informed us that, "It's ok to be a lesbian if that's REALLY what you want to do." She once even knew a girl like that. At this point, we and Quiet-Anorexic-And-When-I-Do-Eat-It-Takes-Me-A-Million-Years-Goth Girl and Token-Asian-Goth Chick felt like we were going to throw up, but instead amused ourselves by making fun of the We-Have-Fake-Tans Club that was attending the concert for some extra credit.

Ok, blah, blah, blah, and Marilyn Manson descended, fully equipped with his very own Cross O' T.V.'s. He sang, danced, showed off his balls, dreamed about drugs, spit on us, groped himself, ripped up a *Bible*, made a comment about how good teenage pussy is, walked on stilts and other typical stuff like that. We were very sad that Twiggy (the catatonic bass player, who made "eyes" at us at the last concert and excessively drooled) didn't blow him, because THAT would have been interesting. Instead, we got to be oh-so-thrilled by little whitey frat boys who thought they were at a Pearl Jam concert. We even got to beat up some girl's boyfriend after he licked her shoulder and drooled on her (Hey! She was yelling "No! Stop!" at him, and we didn't realize that



*Nashville Pussy—"I'm the bologna in a loove sandwich.!"*

he was her dude). In fact, we got to beat up A LOT of boys. It was fun. Then we participated in a drunken poetry reading by the side of the interstate and went home and read "Dyke and Jane" and Token-Asian-Goth Chick's favorite, "Green Balls and Pepperoni."

The End.

O

*continued from page 5*

bound to "decide on matters involving interpretation of the Constitution or any rule of the College." Last fall, the Dean of Faculty's office informed this Committee that there are currently no students serving on Judicial Council, and a special election would be held if the need arose. Such a situation is wholly unacceptable: like Community Council, which is charged with maintaining a high quality of life, those institutions at Hampshire charged with evaluation and sanction when that quality is compromised must have a strong and ready framework in place well before conflicts demand it.

## II. RECOMMENDATIONS

From the office of Student Affairs to Community Council to the Community Review Board and Judicial Council, the time for organizational evaluation is nigh. If nothing else, this semester has made clear the problems that inevitably arise when we forsake structural integrity in the interest of convenience. Hampshire community governance is a reflection of the college in frus-

trating microcosm: as Hampshire provides a context for self-learners and values above all the individual, the cooperative spirit that successful governance demands is discouraged and its validity rebuked. It is for this reason that the only things our bodies of governance yield with any predictability are short-term demagogues and perpetual tohobohu.

The distinction has been drawn between Community Council as an institutionalized governing body and as a volunteer organization. This Committee is of the firm opinion that it is something of both. It is subject to changing political zeitgeist, yet demands consistency, legitimacy, and sustainability. In the interests of fairness and equal representation, Council and its committees, the Community Review Board and Judicial Council must be institutionalized and standardized in a fair and equitable way.

A governing body such as Community Council is not afforded the kind of laissez-faire, shifty macro-management embraced by the Reagan White

House, say, or a localized grassroots organization. Such a model might warrant more consideration if Council wasn't already in feeble recovery from various corruptions and scandals. If this is, as has been generally agreed, the time for rebuilding, then it is essential that Council rebuild in a way that results in a structure that is stronger than the sum of its parts—that means a structure that encourages involvement while ensuring stability and legitimacy. This is not an easy balance to strike. It is especially difficult to strike at Hampshire, which encourages the kind of passion, rhetoric, and organizational combat that will thoroughly destroy any such attempt.

The challenge, then, and it is this Committee's great hope that Hampshire will rise to it, is to overcome community conditioning and create a governing system of advocacy and fair debate that is genuinely worth our while. A governing system that provides for easier transition. A governing system that, dare we suggest, has the capacity to outlast our individual involvements.

O



# Still Sinking

by Jen Peña

**B**ack home, a friend of mine (who's name is Sha-Sha) verbally expressed a hatred of *Titanic* to anyone who would listen. When speaking wasn't enough, we decided to create a condensed version of this dreadful movie for all the intelligent people that didn't want to spend their crack money on movie tickets, but still wanted to be hip to the times. We e-mailed it to everyone we knew about a year ago, and now I pass on this cinema-tastical piece to you, the *Omen* reader. (By the way, Sha-Sha now goes to Stanford Engineering School, and I'm stuck here in hell.) Enjoy!

## Scene 1

**KATE WINSLET:** Why, this is a fancy boat, isn't it?

**KATE'S WEASELLY FIANCE:** Yes it certainly is. Here is the art you asked for. It is by an artist named "Picasso." I am certain he will amount to nothing.

**KATE:** Ha ha ha. That is very funny to our 90's audience, because they know these priceless paintings will sink with the boat.

**LEONARDO DICAPRIO:** Hello, I'm Leonardo DiCaprio. Perhaps you have seen the many Internet sites dedicated to the worship of me. You are very pretty.

**KATE:** Thank you. So are you.

**LEONARDO:** I know. Prettier than you in fact. I am going to put on my "brooding" face now, to ensure that women will keep coming back again and again to see this movie. Later, my white shirt will be soaking wet.

**KATE:** While you're doing that, I will concentrate on standing here and looking pretty, to keep the men in the audience interested until the boat sinks and people start dying.

**WEASELLY FIANCE:** Excuse me. I do not like you, Leonardo, even though you saved my  
Page 10 volume 12 number 7

fiancee's life. I am going to sneer at you and treat you like dirt because you're poor, and then I'll probably be physically abusive to my fiancée, and then, just to make sure the audience really hates me, and to make sure my character is entirely one-dimensional, perhaps I'll throw an elderly person into the water.

**AUDIENCE:** Boo! We hate you! Even though all real people have at least a few admirable qualities, we have not been shown any of yours, and plus, you're trying to come between Leonardo and Kate, and therefore we hate you! Boo! (Even though technically it is Leonardo who is coming between you and Kate. But Leonardo is handsomer than you, even though he is only 13, so we are on his side. Boo!)

## Scene 2 -

**LEONARDO:** I'm glad we snuck away like this so that you could cheat on your fiancée.

**KATE:** Me, too. Even though I am engaged to him and have made a commitment to marry him, that is no reason why you and I cannot climb into the backseat of a car and steam up the windows together. The fact that I am the heroine of the movie will no doubt help the cattle-like audience forgive me of this, though they would probably be VERY angry indeed if my fiancée were to do the same thing to me.

**AUDIENCE:** Darn straight we would! Moo ... we mean, Boo!

**LEONARDO:** I agree. First, I would like to draw you, so of course you have to take off your clothes.

**KATE:** But can a movie with five minutes of continuous nudity be at all successful in say, Provo, Utah, where the audiences might not stand for that sort of thing?

**LEONARDO:** I would be willing to bet that for the first three weeks the film is in release, every single showing at Brigham Young Theater in Provo will sell out.

**NARRATOR:** According to Brigham Young



Theater manager, Matt Palmer, that is exactly what happened.

KATE: All right, then. (Sound of clothes hitting the floor.)

**Scene 3 -**

FIRST MATE: Captain, we're about to hit an iceberg.

CAPTAIN: Great, I could use some ice for my drink. (Sound of drinking.)

ICEBERG: (Hits boat.)

FIRST MATE: That can't be good.

CAPTAIN: Bottoms up!

AUDIENCE: (Silence.)

FIRST MATE: That was irony, you fools.

AUDIENCE: Where's Leonardo?

**Scene 4 -**

LEONARDO: I have been informed that this boat is sinking.

KATE: That is terrible.

LEONARDO: Would you like to engage in some more immoral-but-justified behavior?

KATE: Certainly.

WEASELLY FIANCE: (Aside) I'm getting the raw end of the deal here! (to Leonardo) Listen, Leonardo, to cement my morally-dubious-yet-

somehow-less-annoying-than-you personality, I am going to handcuff you to this pipe, here in a room that will soon be filling with water, due to the fact that we are sinking, which I believe has been mentioned previously.

LEONARDO: Why don't you just shoot me?

WEASELLY FIANCE: Because then you wouldn't be able to escape and save Kate from me. Of course, you're going to die anyway . . .

AUDIENCE: Don't spoil it for us! Boo!

LEONARDO: He's right, though. I am doomed.

AUDIENCE: **Aww, look how cute he is when he's doomed.**

WEASELLY FIANCE: I hate you people.

**Scene 5 -**

150-YEAR-OLD-KATE: And that's when Leonardo rescued me from my evil fiance and helped me float on a board in the water. Of course, if it hadn't been for having to rescue him, I could have gotten on an actual lifeboat, and not have frozen my legs nearly off. Anyway, he's pretty much dead now, and I'm well over a thousand years old, and who's making my supper? I need a bath. Turn down that Enya music, it's making my ears hurt. You kids today with your loud music. Why, when I was—hey! Don't you walk away from me! I'd turn you over my knee, if I had one. I'll beat you in the head with this huge diamond! Come back here!

(Fade to black. Roll credits and play annoyingly overplayed Celine Dion song.)

*continued from page 6*

did it with respect, never running a story they didn't have at least two sources to confirm. It all comes down to taking the time and thought to do a job right, something TV news either can't do or won't do. Television news is bad from the moment you turn it on, and it has nowhere to go but down from there. I can't help but imagine that the best possible outcome

of the situation with the boy in the room for the station would have been if one of the killers had burst in and shot him on the air. There is no "reporting" going on here, no news being told. It's entertainment. Whether this is the fault of the news stations themselves or the society they cater to is the next question that should be asked.

Not being one to presume to have the authority to question

society as a whole, I resign myself to questioning the medium, as I have done above. I am also not one to presume that I have the power to change it. I can, however, refuse to watch it. It is probably only a matter of time before the *Die Hard* portrayal seems watered down, but when alternatives such as newspaper and radio exist, the situation is not entirely without recourse.



# Trash for Sale

by Jessica "Moonface" Van Scoy,  
with much help from her beautiful  
friend, Jen Pena

**T**here has been a recent surge of artistic work around campus, or as us normal people call it, "crap." Some artists decided it would be nice to decorate our already-too-ugly campus with their lovely pieces of junkyard mess. Some are quite pleased with this display of creativity, as I heard one person exclaim as he walked out of Dakin and beheld the pieces, "Oooh! . . . Shit!" Fortunately, for the rest of you and for myself, I have decided to auction off these lovely . . . things. And because there is no trace of credit to the artists on the pieces (one can only reason why. . .), I have priced them at my discretion.

We have a Lovely Sculp-

ture here for only \$29.99 plus tax! This can be found outside of Dakin for you to test drive before you make a whimsy purchase. We like to call this one "We Got News," as it has a newspaper mailbox that also doubles as a nice place to get your arm stuck in. This object is perfect for camping out. It has a cozy seat that you can prop easily into a boat so that you can fish with the stick protruding out of it. Or if you're the festive type, turn it into a yule bow. No need to get up if you need a beer or some more bait! It has two lovely buckets attached that are sure to hold anything. And what else would complete this, but a rearview mirror! Just think, now when you greasy fishing weirdos want to check out a "babe," you don't even have to turn around. It's a hick's wet dream.

Our next lovely product is right inside the Merrill Quad. This lovely contraption is only \$49.99. Now folks, I know what you're thinking—a Lazy Boy recliner for only \$49.99?! Well, I can do better than that! We are slashing prices here today for you all. This piece is now only \$39.45! Look here—you got your lovely recliner, refurbished with genuine patent leather, along with a muffler thingy that

can always be used as a gin distiller or an ashtray. It has a decorative bundle of sticks just in case you wanted to trip on something sometime. And if you ever need kindling, just take this whole thing and prop it in the fire. It burns quite nicely and is sure to entertain you for hours. **Throw in some marshmallows and graham crackers and you got yourself one hell of a party.**

Our next craft is located right outside of FPH before the bridge. This is a comfy teepee for two to four midgets. (Excuse me, correction, "little people.") We have some wire in the middle hanging a bucket that can be used as, yes, folks, another ashtray. Or rent yourself a Santa suit and a bell, and you have a perfectly productive fundraiser. On the top, there is a decorative light, perfect for attracting the squirrel-like commoners who actually give money to the drunk Santas, and some more wire just in case you ever want to get a limb caught. One happy customer was overheard stating, "I always needed to do that . . . I just never had the resources. Now I finally do!" Not only that, but for a limited time this piece will be priced at \$63.97! Hurry up and call—operators are standing by.

Our next item is an exciting piece. A cozy abode in the middle of the woods, this little cottage can be useful for just about anything from burning to



Trash—Yours for \$39.99



smoking weed in. Oh, wait—wait . . . I just got news that the Yurt is in fact, NOT for sale. Sorry.

Next up is a tackle box/grill placed conveniently outside of the library. This beautiful work of versatile art is placed at the clearance price of only \$15.69! You can even make your own Hitachi make-up case out of this one, folks! Yes, there are places to hold your lipstick and eyeshadow, ladies and transvestites. It's decorative "nipple rose" color completes any home. It comes with its own sticks so that you can impale your victims and later use them as skewers for your shish kabobs. And for this price, people, what more can you ask for?!

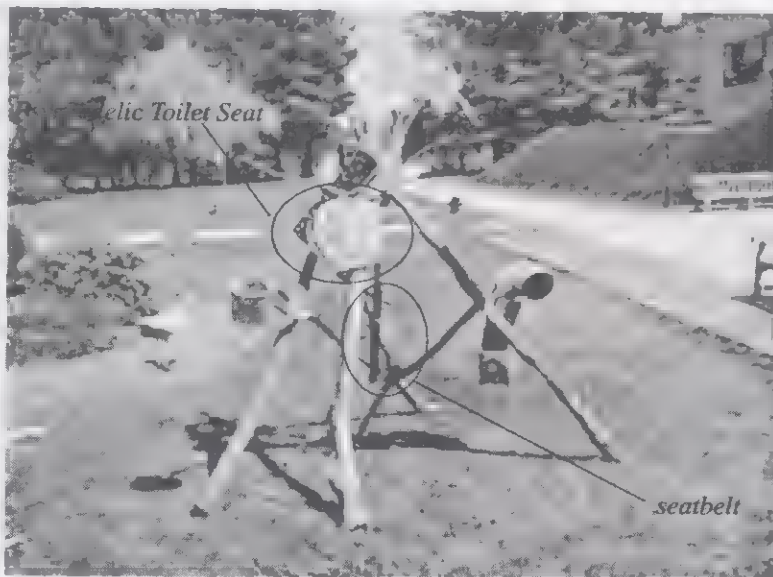
Last, but not least, our final product is located in between ASH and the film building. We

like to call this one the "Alabama Baby Mobile." You just prop this thing above a baby's crib and you can keep them busy for hours. They can play with the psychedelic toilet lid or the plethora of sharp shards of metal hanging down it. There is even an open electrical socket for your child's development and pleasure. It even meets the safety requirements with its state-of-the-art seatbelt. Strap your kid in that and you won't

even have to watch them. You can go to the nudie bars and still have time to cheat on your wife without having to watch over the little nuisance. Ralph Nader agrees. "I've always loved the Alabama Baby Mobile. Now I never have to speak to my kids again." This great artistic genius is only \$56.75! Folks, this is UNREAL!! This is the only one of its kind and you better act now. Please act fast!

That's not all! You call in now, you will receive a free football phone and an instructional video on how to use this shit to its full potential.

Sorry, no C.O.D.s or checks. Batteries sold separately. Sorry to all the children and small animals who were harmed during the making of these products. Void where prohibited.



Alabama Baby Mobile

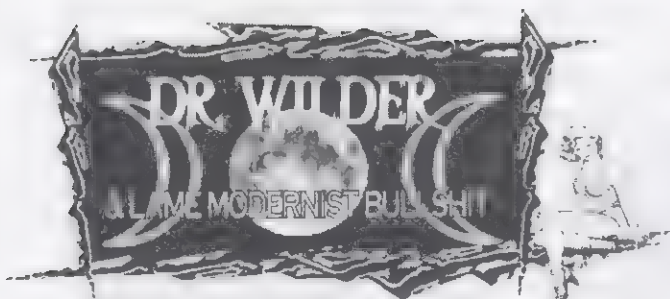
## The Psychology of Alcohol Choice

by Brady Burroughs

Why do detectives prefer bourbon? Pirates rum? What is the gothic appeal of absinthe and red wine? What are the thoughts and mentality behind an aficionado of a particular beverage? How do the chemical differences between gin, vodka, whiskey, beer etc. affect the human brain differently? To deal with these questions, old novels and real accounts of alcohol use will be studied along with discussions of what kind of person is likely to choose a particular drink over another—mass psychology, popular culture and social status will be used in the analysis. **Lounge/cocktail culture will be looked at critically along with other items of popular culture that deal with or are related heavily to alcohol and drinking.** Will & Grace, The Remedy, end Horton Heat, Ernest Hemingway, Edgar Allen Poe, and old detective movies will be given a critical eye.

Well? Just an idea . . .





# The Doctor's Very Bad Day

by Jason Wilder Konschak

**R**ing. Ring. Ring. Ri—  
Chick-ka-chunk.

"You've reached the Omen, Hampshire's Bitter Publication. We don't care what you want, so don't expect us to call you back."

Beep. Bleep... Boop.

"Hey! Yo! It's me, Dr. Wilder, on my cell-phone, in a jeep, hauling toward Egypt and civilization! The other day, I had a bizarre dream! I was in Wonderland! I was so inspired by it that I felt I had to do something wild! So, for a joke, I cut off all the Chief's hair! To me, funny! To the tribe, less so! I thought it wise to flee when they attacked me with—"

[Someone speaking Swahili interrupts.]

"My driver tells me that we're coming into *Bloated Corpse Ravine*, where the fabled Flying Bndoundou Hamsters roost! Usually, we'd wait til nightfall to drive through, but the tribe is right on our tail, so—Ut oh..."

[Sound of the engine. Then, call of the Flying Bndoundou: *Bndoon down down douu!*"]

"What does that mean?!"

[The Swahili voice responds, agitated.]

"What are you doing?! Hey! Zook! Zook!"

[The engine stops. Squeak of dry metal. Distinct sound of a slamming car door. Sandaled feet running.]

"Where the hell are you going?!"

[A loud sound, like a baseball hitting a trash can. A pause. The call of the Bndoundou echoes menacingly all around. Then two more

thuds in quick succession.]

"The Flying Hamsters are dive-bombing the jeep! They've mistaken it for a stray elephant! They're dive-bombing it with their poison-tipped noses! Sweet God—someone do somethi—"

Beeeeeep. Chunk. Chunk.  
Whirrr. Click.

**Ring. Ring. Ring. Ri—  
Chick-ka-chunk.**

"You've reached the Omen, Hampshire's Bitter Publication. We don't care what you want, so don't expect us to call you back."

Beep. Bleep... Bleep...  
Boop.

[Heavy breathing. Crackling flames. Hideous howls of Bndoundous.]

"The little devils have blown up the jeep! I'm hiding under a rock, watching them relentlessly pummel the flames, like moths to a light bulb!"

"Listen! Call the American Embassy! Call the Airforce! If you can find them, you can call the A-team! Get me the hell out of here, before they find me! The horrible, wretched, adorable little dears!"

[Thud.]

"Oh no. They've found me. I don't know how, but they've found me..."

[Horrible screaming.]

Beeeeeep. Chunk.  
Chunk. Whirrr. Click.

**Ring. Ring. Ring. Ri—  
Chick-ka-chunk.**

"You've reached the Omen, Hampshire's Bitter Publication. We don't care what you want, so don't

expect us to call you back."

Beep. Bleep... Bleep...  
Bleep... Boop.

"Hello-lo-lo?"

[There is an echo.]

"It's night ight ight. I've hidden in a cave *ave ave*. They're afraid to enter here *ear ear*. The ceiling is too low for them to fly *eye eye eye*. But outside they're waiting for me *ee ee ee*..."

[A long pause.]

"I've got to find a way out of here *ear ear*."

[Shuffling. Muttering.]

"I could... and kick... and then... but I don't have... and that was... What've I got here anyway... no, no, no..."

[Snap.]

"Wait a minute! THAT'S IT it it it!"

[Rattling, like broken teeth in a cup.]

"Yes! Yes! I'll call you back *ack ack!*"

Plip. Tone.

Beeeeeep. Chunk. Chunk.  
Whirrr. Click.

**Ring. Ring. Ring. Ri—  
Chick-ka-chunk.**

"You've reached the Omen, Hampshire's Bitter Publication. We don't care what you want, so don't expect us to call you back."

Beep. Bleep... Bleep...  
Bleep... Bleep... Boop.

"Congratulations to me! It is dawn, and I've saved myself from the evil hamsters! I now sit amongst them, and they sing for me!"

[Silence.]

[Then...]



[A helium-voiced chorus:  
"We love everybody! We're always  
haaaappy!!"]

"How did the doctor do it,  
you ask yourself? Well, I will tell  
you, suckah!"

["Sing along with us! Dee  
d'di dee dee!"]

"I took a bottle from my  
medical bag, cracked open a few  
capsules, and laid them out for the  
swarm to eat—"

["Yeah, we're hap-pap-ee!"]

"But let me read you the  
prescription label! Dr. Wilder.  
Take 1 capsule every day.  
Prozac, 250mg PULV!"

"It takes weeks to work on  
humans—but if you absolutely,  
positively gotta make every rabid  
rodent in the ravine as sane and  
well-adjusted as me, Dr. Wilder,  
then PROZAC is the shiz-dit!"

["In the summertime! When  
the weather's hot! You can stretch  
right up and touch the sky!"]

"When the weather's fine,  
you got women, you got women on  
your mind!"

[Wizzzzz. Crack.]

"Oh shit. I forgot about the  
tribe . . . I guess they caught up."

[Bip. Bip. Bip.]

"And the battery's low  
on my phone."

[Wizzz. Splat.]

"And now I've got a  
spear in my leg."

**Beeeeeeep. Chunk.**  
**Chunk. Whirrr. Click.**

**Ring. Ring. Ring. Ri—  
Chick-ka-chunk.**

"You've reached the Omen  
office. We're currently out kicking the  
elderly. If you want to waste your time,  
leave a message, and we'll ignore it.  
And if this is Dr. Wilder—we aren't  
your stinking secretary, asshole!"

**Beep. Bleep . . . Boop.**

[Chanting. Beating drums.]

"You bastards! You slimy

bastards! You changed that message!  
That means you got my messages!  
**WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME?**  
Why didn't you get help?"

"I know you all! You're  
probably sitting there, eating pizza,  
laughing at me! If I ever get out of  
here, I'll kill you all! I'll make you  
eat your own fingers! **PICK UP  
THE PHONE!**"

**Clung.**

*"Hello. Pub lab."*

"Oh! Thank god! You picked  
up! Listen! You've got to help me!  
The tribe captured me! They've given  
me two options—I can submit to their  
ancient ceremonial punishment, or I  
can jump off a cliff!"

*"Is this Peter?"*

"No! This is Dr. Wilder!"

*"Are you in danger?"*

**"Yes! They're  
going to eat me  
alive, goddammit!!"**

*"Are you totally helpless?"*

"I've only got a few min-  
utes of power left on this phone!"

*"Ha ha."*

**Click.**

**Bling. Bling. Click-click.**

*"Hello there. You've reached  
the Forward office. If you want to re-  
port an event, or have questions or  
comments about our publication,  
please leave a message, and I'll per-  
sonally get right back to you as soon  
as I humanly can. Because I care."*

**Beep. Bleep. . . Boop.**

[Roaring waves.]

"Hey . . . um . . . this is  
Dr. Wilder."

[His voice sounds hal-  
low and small.]

"Maybe you know me. I  
write for the Omen. Now, I know that  
our respective organizations have had  
disagreements in the past—but I just  
want you to know that I had noth-  
ing to do with the noodle incident.  
It was all them. Mostly Benni."

[An enormously loud  
seagull.]

"Now, I've got to cut right  
to the chase here, because my battery  
is getting awfully low . . . Well, I don't  
know if you keep up with my article,  
but I've been staying with this tribe . . .  
and they sort of punished me . . ."

[Wind.]

"That's to say, after their  
little ceremony . . . Well, the thing  
is, I'm only two inches tall! They  
shrunk me down and stuck me in a  
bottle! Then they threw me out into  
the middle of the ocean!"

"Please help me! You're all  
I have left! I've only got shrunken  
Chee-tos enough to last me a few  
days at sea! And there's a seagull  
who thinks I'm tasty!"

["Ba-GA!" **THUNK!**]

**Clung.**

*"Hello. It seems you're in  
quite a mess there, Dr. Walker."*

"It's Dr. Wilder, you *For-  
ward* freak! And yes! I'm in a heap  
of shit! Will you help me!?"

*"Well . . . sure, sure . . . But,  
if you could, I'd like to ask you to  
write an article for me in the trade.  
You know, fair exchange."*

"If I write an article for you,  
you'll save me?"

*"Sure, sure. I mean, I'm hu-  
man, aren't I?"*

"I guess so . . . What do you  
want me to write about?"

[**Low Battery Warning.**]

*"Well, I need a cautious,  
well-rounded, balanced piece,  
about the Reproductive Rights Con-  
ference, and their cheerful visit to  
the Negative Space Café."*

[Tearing wind and sinis-  
ter waves.]

*"Dr. Wilder? Are you  
there?"*

"I'm here."

*"So, what do you think?"*

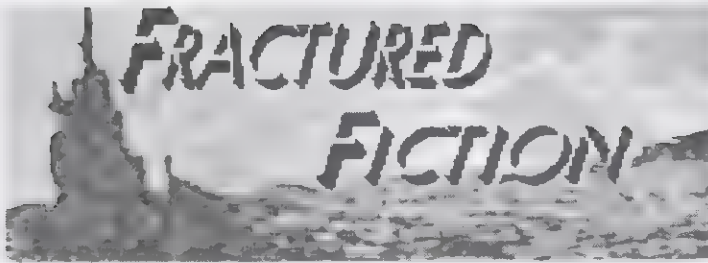
"I think I'd rather die."

[**Battery dead.**]

[**Static.**]







# The Waffle King

## Part Five: Revenge

by Michael "Benni" Pierce

**I**n Part Four: The Past, Brendan was confronted by the ghostly image of the old man he had killed at his shop, Superunknowns, in order to have an old cloak there. Still locked in Hampshire College's Yurt (after burning the hand of a fellow student in a waffle iron), Brendan listened to this ghost as it told him that the cloak would be his own destruction. Suddenly, the sound of voices surrounded the Yurt, and the ghostly image disappeared.

"Poor Waffle King!" called out one voice, 'Trapped inside of his own iron.' Brendan immediately recognized the voice. It was that of the student whose hand he had scorched over a week ago. Completely startled now, Brendan got up and ran for the Yurt's door. But it was too late. It had been locked from the outside.

"What do you want from me?" called out Brendan. There was no answer, but a new smell penetrated his nasal passages—it was the smell of smoke. He noticed how there was an eerie flickering outside now. He dashed back to the window and saw that the large group of students had built torches.

"What are you doing? Let me out! Are you crazy?" called out Brendan. His breath steamed up the window and everything became foggy.

"Am I crazy? AM I CRAZY? No, you stupid fuck, you're the crazy one. And this is what you get for being such a hazard to society . . . light it up boys.' Brendan screamed and jumped for the door again. The new smell of gasoline began to make him feel lightheaded. He backed up, took a deep breath, and then rammed his body into the immovable door. He retreated and tried again. The door did not budge.

"Laughter could be heard

spilling in from the outside. Brendan began to notice smoke flowing into the Yurt. Again, he plowed into the door. This time, it moved slightly. This re-energized him, and he continued to smash himself into it over and over again. However, he soon noticed that it was not only the door he was battling, but also his own ability to stay conscious. The smoke and the smell of gasoline were overwhelming.

"It's too late Waffle King. It's just too late. Your waffle is cooked!" The student laughed at his own pun and watched as the fire engulfed the Yurt.

**It bore a slight resemblance to a large, burning marshmallow.**

Slowly, but surely, the structure was buckling beneath the burning flames. Piece by piece, bit by bit, the fire ripped and tore and ravaged the tiny Yurt. The blaze filled the night's sky with a mighty smoke.

Outside, the group of rowdy students danced around, hooting and hollering at their prey. They did not know that on the inside, one human life was striving to survive. They could not hear the beating of the poor student against the walls of the Yurt. Nobody could hear his slowing heart as he used it to try to beat down the door. Nobody even cared to listen as the beating slowed, slowed, slowed, and then, stopped, as the young man named Brendan, died.

"NO! You bastard!! What the hell are you doing?!" It was Susanna. The student turned, saw her coming, and dismissed her. She was a freak just like the Waffle King had been, and freaks like those had no business being on campus.

"Brendan! If you can hear me, get out! Get out alive! Don't let this happen to you!" But her voice only went up in smoke. The roof suddenly fell in upon the rest of the Yurt, crushing any of the remaining standing structure. The group of drunken students let loose one final shout of victory. Susanna looked at them, horrified.

"Monsters!! All of you! You don't know what you've—" But they paid her no attention. They had killed their beast on the mountain. They had conquered their nightmare. However, as they continued their ritual dance, they noticed the sounds of sirens coming closer. Most of them ran. Some of them, too drunk to know the difference between the ground and the sky, collapsed. Susanna just watched.

"Within five minutes, emergency crews were on the sight. The fire was being extinguished, the few students who were still around were caught and handcuffed, and the rest of the accomplices, including the leader, were being searched for.

"By two o'clock in the morning, everything had dulled down to a low roar. The Fire Company was scavenging through the remains of the Yurt. There wasn't much left. The Yurt had not been built to withstand such an attack. Susanna didn't move. She just watched the pile of rubble, hoping for movement of any kind, some sign that he was still alive.

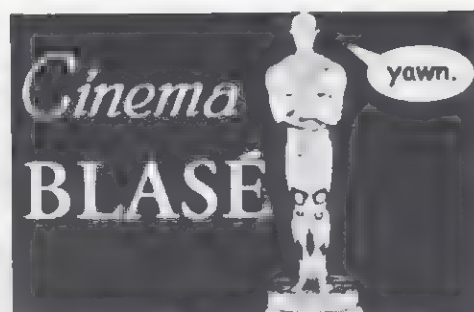
"Suddenly, one of the firemen called out, 'I think I've found something . . . it looks like the boy. There isn't much left . . . wait, there is something. It looks like a cloak . . .'

*Next Issue: Susanna's Fate is revealed in the Final Chapter*





# Wade Needs to Get Off Campus More Often



by Wade Stuckwisch

Once again, I have seen no new movies the past week. So once again I am forced to bitch about random shit until I get the chance to go off-campus and see a movie.

Let's talk about the cinema situation in the Amherst/Northampton area, shall we? Up until this winter, it was OK. The Hampshire Mall 6 and the Mt. Farms 4 (that's the dead mall theater) covered just about all the Hollywood and crossover indie films that came out, and the Academy of Music, the Amherst Cinema, and Pleasant St. did a good, though not flawless, job of covering foreign and independent films in wide distribution. Then, the Hampshire Mall cinema decided to close in order to build one of those big-ass 16 screen megaplex places, to be opened in "Fall of 1999" (translation: spring of 2000 if we're lucky). Now, the three big Hollywood draws and one kids movie play at the Mt. Farms Four, leaving a lot of smaller Hollywood pictures and indie crossovers out in the cold.

Sure, you can't see crappy, small-fry Hollywood flicks anymore, you say, but what about the Academy of Music, Pleasant Street, and the Amherst Cinema? Let me tell you about those three establishments. Unfortunately, all three of these theaters tend to make most of their money by running the same movie over and over for months on end (examples *Life is Beautiful* or *Smoke Signals*). Half the time, when

a movie closes at one of those theaters, it moves straight to one of the other two. If you're lucky, when something new and interesting comes to the area, it comes to either Amherst or the Academy of Music. I don't really hold anything against Pleasant Street, but the place is insanely small. And I'm not just talking about paying \$5 to see a movie on a screen the size of a projection TV. You're lucky to even get to see the movie, because the place sells out within 5 minutes of starting to sell tickets. What else do you expect from a theater that holds like fifty people tops, in both theaters? Please, sell the joint and open a bigger theater! **To make a long story short, these days the only choice you have in movies is some big dumb blockbuster or seeing *Elizabeth* twenty times**, unless you can sucker a friend with a car into driving to Springfield. So if you want to see a crossover like *Go* or a silly teen flick like *10 Things I Hate About You* or an unadulterated piece of crap like *The Mod Squad*, you're screwed. Two things I'm opening in this area as soon as I graduate: a 24-hour franchise pancake house (like IHOP or Perkins) and a larger replacement theater for Pleasant Street.

And what's with these kids in SAGA and their demands for fancy-schmancy mineral water? Seriously, the tap water around here

tastes fine. But no, you snotty kids with your yuppie filter pitchers have to have some bear-piss water from a dirty mountain stream. I see this whole filtered water trend as yet another attempt to privatize a public utility. My tax dollars go to clean the water that comes out of my tap, and no corporate entity selling Poland Spring water or Brita pitchers is gonna tell me it tastes any worse than fantastic. Throw a lemon in, for chrissakes! Die yuppie scum! You don't know what bad tap water tastes like until you know what an "algae bloom" is. And anyway, how many of you kids in SAGA put ice in your blessed mineral water? Where do you think the ice came from? That's right, from the ice machine in the back, which gets water from . . . A TAP! Better drink before it melts . . .

Jesus, you kids and your ridiculous optimism. A couple weeks ago somebody chalked "We can do what we want" on the side of Dakin. I'm very disappointed I never got the chance to find some chalk and write "... with our rich parents' money" underneath. Seriously, even if you could even out birth privileges of race, class, and gender, you should face the fact that you'll probably never be smart enough, strong enough, good-looking enough, talented enough or popular enough to do everything you want. If you want to fly, it just ain't gonna happen. Just try it, hippie. Now enjoy your tap water and take me to the movies.





WHITE TRASH  
SATURDAY



# The Three Faces of Mark Hugo

by Mark Hugo

In this very special White Trash Saturday, Mark "Who's Your Daddy" Hugo allows his alter ego to reveal the secret life, and complexities of himself.

In one short weekend, wrestling newcomer, Mark Hugo, went from relative obscurity (he's going to dress up as who?) to a bloodied, battered, sadistic, infamous, hardcore warrior. **As I watched his commanding performance in the Quarrel in the Quad match only one word came to mind: steel.** That's right, steel. This man must have a head of steel to walk into a match intending on coming out blood covered and wrecked, win or no win. From the first "Seig Heil" he played the audience in the palm of his hand, many of them being visitors to Hampshire campus (much to the chagrin of the tour guide). At this time it would be beneficial to explain the three faces of Mark Hugo, as it were. These include myself, the Old Geezer, Little Hitler, and Mark "Who's Your Daddy" Hugo, of *Omen* and Hofstra's Alternative Television

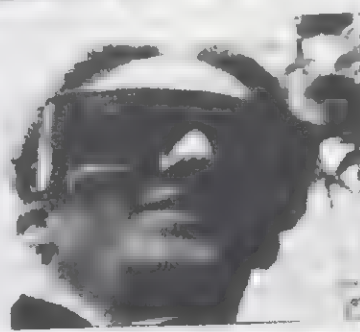
fame. Each man will speak in his own voice to avoid the obvious confusion of the situation.

## The Old Geezer

What can I say? I'm the original man of steel. Steel hips. Steel legs. A steel plate in my head. Steel and polyester suits . . . or was that cotton and polyester? Some kind of 50/50 blend—I can't remember. Anyways, way before Superman or professional wrestling there was me. I practically invented it, though we called it "rassling," like that rich hillbilly Ted Turner calls it. I began my wrestling career during the Great Depression. Sometime during the 30s. Dick Turpis would remember, since he was there. I was



The three faces of Hugo



the Hampshire County Champion ten years running. I created some of the most famous moves in the business: the superslam, the top rope jump, the choke slam, the indian burn, the gorilla press, the airplane spin, and the steel chair. In the 70s I wrestled in the Southern Circuit. Then I lost all my money to coke and had to work for the WWF as a janitor. Slowly I began training wrestlers on the side. Some of the great up and coming wrestlers studied under me: Tito Santana, Superfly Snuka, and Rowdy Roddy Piper. When the Piper left the Federation in the early 90s, so did I. Without the Piper there was no point in staying. This brings us to today. Turpis set me up with a match against the Beetle not too long ago. I did this as a favor to Dicky. I can't remember much of the fight, but I do know I won. That crybaby, cereal-eating, cartoon-watching superdork should know better than to argue with the three count. Try growing up a bit, Mr. Beetle. As for now, I say fuck this rinky-dink collective. I can't stand this pussy-whipped crap they put out. The only wrestler that's worth his gumption is Little Hitler and his philosophy is so fucked up I can't stand being in the same room as him. I was a chump char-



acter anyway. An over-glorified Jobber. A weak wrestler with a weak persona. Well fuck you, you won't have the Old Geezer to fuck with anymore.

My head is made of STEEL. It's true, lost it in Korea, I did.

*The Old Geezer, formerly known as Superslam Stanley*

### Little Hitler

Hitler trusted no one. And for good reason, he thought of himself as God. Even evil men get some things right. Never trust anyone. When his aids gave him the two cyanide pills that he requested in his bunker hideaway in the waning days of the war, he didn't take them himself. He gave them to the two companions he loved most in the world, his dogs. His love for his dogs surpassed his love for all else. He later shot himself in the head. Ironically enough, he was a vegetarian. He was also a man obsessed with pain and power and hatred. A man with a grudge. I never con-

doned that grudge. I just think about the hate and the power. That is what I bring into the squared circle. When my enemies lay before me in heaps of blood-ridden carnage, I will know that I have used that power for my purposes and my glory. I am the monster reincarnation of the single most evil man in history. His name brings about thoughts of contempt, disgust, fear, and most of all, the desperate hope that one could never be that man. Unfortunately, that evil is in all of us. History repeats, even now. There was nothing special about that man. He merely had to bend to the manifestations of his hatred. Raising him above the status of a man to that of a supernatural beast only paves

the way for others like Hitler to be allowed to enact their plans of destruction under the ever present eye of a world which refuses to believe what it see. People aren't manipulated by force, they allow themselves to be manipulated. They are too weak to accept their actions as their own. At least he shot himself in the head instead of pleading insanity. I am not insane. I am darkness personified. I live to bleed. I am Little Hitler.



*The three faces of Foley*

The concentration clamp is coming for all you faggot Hampshire students.

*Little Hitler*

### Mark "Who's Your Daddy" Hugo

I've been with the *Omen* for one year running now. Despite this, I still think of myself as an old timer in this organization. I say organization since I've never quite figured out whether we're a paper or a magazine . . . oh yeah, we're a *publication*. Whatever. I also think of myself as one of the few people who know what the *Omen* is all about. It's not an artfag forum, or a political forum, or a tool for community building. We don't need community. Fuck it. The *Omen* is a

fucking Hate paper. And I am chock full of that. My stuff started out sexist, crude, misogynistic, relentlessly low-brow drivel. Those are some of the inherent ingredients of who I am. I tried to break away from this style, but then realized this is my only style. Or maybe this "the only side of myself that I care to show a bunch of sniveling, bleeding heart, do-nothing, waste-of-space liberals." One of my big things is respect. I respect people until they give me reason to do otherwise. Unfortunately for my sanity (which has been much discussed as of late), a lot of people have been fucking with me. But who am I to speak? I'm just a fuckup that's a bad representation of the community. Yeah, the one someone, for some reason, is trying to build. It took how

many years to build the Yurt? What makes you think a community can be built at all on this campus? Let's face it, our kind don't have community. We're screwed up loners with our own

groups. Let's leave it that way. About the only real community event we have is the collective effort put into making each other feel like shit so that we as individuals can feel better. Well, fuck all of you who attempt to bring me down. From me to you: suck it.

I feel like Hunter S. Thompson in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. "My heart is filled with joy. A man on the move, and just crazy enough to be totally confident." I say again, "Peter Kowalke," you've got one more chance to take my bet. Otherwise I'll be forced to take the Bacon challenge myself. Due to medical complications, the Bacon-athon is postponed until April 27th.

Mark "Who's Your Daddy" Hugo





# The Man, the Myth, the Legend

by Tamuira Reid

**D**ear Omen,  
I am writing in response to Gus Andrew's column in the last issue of the *Omen*, with specific regards to the section where she writes about a certain Hampshire professor, one whom she believes "rips to shreds" his students.

I think we all know who you are referring to here, even though you did kindly refrain from using his name in your article. I've worked with this professor for over a year now, after transferring to Hampshire. He is my advisor, heads my Division III committee, and along with taking all of the courses he offers, I am also the T.A. for one of his writing workshops. My point? I wouldn't be wasting my time writing this letter if I didn't think this man is one of the best goddamn teachers I have ever had. While his personality may at times be seen as abrasive and maniac, his teaching never falls short of excellent. I realize to some that my praise of this professor could be falsely labeled as "brown-nosing," and I am not offended by such an accusation (although, I find it sad that people could be so narrow-minded as to automatically assume that praise equals ass-kissing).

All my scholastic life, I've searched, and hoped, and waited for a teacher to inspire, to motivate, to move me creatively. At 23 years old, I finally found such an individual, here at Hampshire College in bumfucked Massachusetts. A professor free of the monotonous meandering, the tired cliches, the Tolstoian regurgitations, and the lousy metaphors that other faculty members can't seem to shake. He may not smile a lot, or pat you on

the back. But, he doesn't masquerade as a literary genius either, pretending to know it all, with a copy of Faulkner or Keetes wedged up his butt.

What this teacher is to me, and numerous other students I know, is a fountain of mad wisdom. Honesty. A refreshing source of ball-busting reality.


No, don't take a class with this man if you don't know your head from your ass, if you can't stand on your own two feet, dish out your own portion of shit. His classes are not for the weak; by weak I mean students who are still wanking about how they are victims of this and that, how the world is just one big, fat injustice, how mama's pill popping and daddy's drinking led you to become the little pathetic asshole that you are. Basically, when you're ready to write a story that goes beyond shock value, that goes beyond 'my fucked-up childhood,' **when you can muster the guts to write from your heart, then take a class from this professor.**

As far as him 'ripping to shreds' his students after asking them to 'share their most sensitive truths about their lives,' I ask you, *I beg* you, to make a critical differentiation here. Never, in the time I've worked with him, have I witnessed this professor "shredding" anyone because of the *personal content* of their work. It is not the person, the individual life that he attacks (actually, I don't believe he attacks anything). It is the *writing* that he critiques, the style, the format, the clarity, the effectiveness. Believe me,

I too have shared some of the most intimate, frightening, sensual parts of myself through my writing, choices and actions that I am not at all proud of. *Never* has he bashed me for who I am or what I've done with myself. He's not interested, or shocked, or even phased by what I've seen and done. He's been around the block. He's witnessed shit going down. It is the writer inside of us that he goes after, the potential we harbor as writing students to make our voices heard. So, yes while he may have a heavy, relentless hand at critiquing your work, he will refrain from commenting on your lifestyle. If you turn in a piece of crap, he'll call you on it. That is his *job* after all. And, he'll also be the first to congratulate you on work well done. No, he won't hold your hand and help nurse your bruised ego back to health, but he will teach you how to get the most out of *your writing*.

Please, I'm not trying to disregard the negative experiences some have had with this teacher. I'm sure you believe in the validity of your personal experiences. And, hey, who am I to tell you that you can't hate him? It's just that I don't want to see his students who haven't had the opportunity to take one of his classes get discouraged because of the negative press on him. It would be a shame for those students to turn their backs because of hearsay, to miss out on the chance to receive perhaps some of the best instruction of their academic lives.

Bottom line? You can loathe this man, as a person, all you want, but his teaching inside of the classroom should be left alone.

Thank you,  
Tamuira Reid 



# The Revolution Returns



by Wade Stuckwisch

**T**o: The Hampshire Proletariat  
From: The Omen Council of Doom  
LONG LIVE THE OMEN REVOLUTION!

Just over one year ago, The People's Clandestine Editor Junta organized The Omen Council of Doom to overthrow the petit bourgeois leadership of the *Omen*, in a Glorious Revolution announced in the *Omen's* very pages. At that time, as Puppet Dictator, I promised to reveal the identity of People's Clandestine Editor Junta once we had consolidated our power. Sadly, today many have forgotten the Glorious Revolution which put the People's Clandestine Editor Junta into power. However, times being as black as they are, I, the appointed Spokesperson for the Omen Council of Doom, wish to instruct you, the Hampshire Proletariat, in the ways of the revolution.

Back in the late winter/early spring of 1998, Comrades Michelle Beach and Jacob Chabot were dissatisfied with a lack of hands-on involvement of the Editor-In-Chief of the *Omen*, who will remain nameless since it doesn't really matter. These two visionary *Omen* comrades planned to exploit this lack of involvement by declaring Jacob Chabot Editor-In-Chief, and publishing this fact in the *Omen* being put together at the time, which was to go to publication without being seen by said Editor-In-Chief. However, Comrade Chabot was unable to write a decent fiery manifesto, so I was called in as Puppet

Dictator to name myself Editor-In-Chief. Thus was born the People's Clandestine Editor Junta. However, said Editor-In-Chief did see said issue before it went to press, and, with his haiku pen in hand, thus came the first shots of the Revolution.

Today, just one year after our Glorious Revolution, the Omen Council of Doom faces crisis. Dissenters and fellow travelers have become evident within our ranks. As many of the original revolutionary members of the PCEJ prepare for the next generation to take over the proletariat dictatorship of the *Omen*, it becomes necessary that the OCD make its doctrine clear, in order that future generations may be instructed in the true path of the *Omen*.

At the time of the Revolution, the People's Clandestine Editor Junta promised to publish its 13 Point Plan to Destroy Hampshire and Improve The *Omen*. Now, in our time of greatest need, we fulfill that promise.

## THE OMEN COUNCIL OF DOOM'S 13-POINT PLAN TO DESTROY HAMPSHIRE AND IMPROVE THE OMEN

- 1) Without freedom of speech, there is no freedom.
- 2) Without absolute freedom of speech, there is absolutely no freedom.
- 3) Progression requires conflict, as any good Marxist will tell you. Wherever there's an unchallenged thesis, it is the duty of the People's *Omen* to be the antithesis.
- 4) The People's *Omen* shall never be mentioned in conjunction with the phrase "journalistic integrity."
- 5) Life is too retarded to be taken

seriously.

6) Hampshire does need a newspaper, and it sure the fuck ain't us.

7) As The People's Publication, the *Omen* shall be the refuge of the damned. Petit bourgeois writers shall be encouraged to contribute to Hampshire petit bourgeois publications.

8) Hampshire needs The People's *Omen* because Hampshire needs a kick in the ass.

9) Hampshire needs "community" like Hampshire needs a Hitler Youth club.

**10) "Sacred cows make the tastiest hamburger." -Abbie Hoffman**

11) One man's "hate speech" is another man's creative way of saying "I disagree."

12) Bourgeois literature is fucking boring.

13) The People's *Omen* shall above all, and always be, Revolutionary. There is no Permanent Revolution, only a continuous, cyclic State of Revolt.

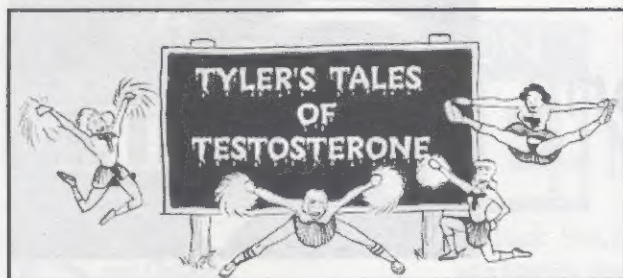
We present this 13-Point Plan, that it may lead to the continual destruction, deconstruction, and reconstruction of the Hampshire Community. Down with bourgeois intellectuals! Down with the liberal yay-sayers! Up with the People's Polemic! All power to the Omen Council of Doom! Long Live The Omen Revolution!

Signed,

Wade Stuckwisch, Spokesperson  
People's Clandestine Editor Junta  
Omen Council of Doom







# Standing on the Brink of Something Awful

by Tyler M. Carey

**T**he end is near. All the signs are present. Y2K. Military Conflict. Joe DiMaggio Dead. Me? I'm graduating from college. Yeah, kids, this must be the season of the witch. I had all these plans to write some sort of magnum opus for one of my final contributions to this magazine—a rambling indictment of all that I had done wrong and Hampshire, and a clarification of what I never did in the first place. Eight pages of drunken ranting and preaching about my times at Hampshire. A whole “He shalt be cast into a lake of fire” type thing.

Well, I wrote it, and then realized it didn't matter. I chopped it up into little tiny pieces to use as rolling papers for that can of American Spirit I bought last week. Yep, I'm smoking my own words right now. Cool, huh? Too bad they taste like shit. You see, it really doesn't matter, though. This isn't some sort of self-deprecating nihilistic thing. I just realize that in three weeks, I'm gone. Would my words of warning be heeded, let alone remembered come September?

At that time, I'll be living in New Jersey, one tiny step across this country of ours. What'll I be doing? Well, running into a job interview holding a liberal arts degree is kind of like crashing a black-tie party in coveralls. Let's face it, when the Big One hits we'll be able to quote esoteric information about earthquakes, political policy and social history, but will any of us have the common sense to boil river water before we drink it? So, I keep courting the

possibilities, but I may be saying “Do you want nutmeg or cinnamon on this?” come May 22nd.

I fell into the trap at Hampshire of searching for a movement, a purpose—something to cling to. For some of us it's anarchism, communism, activism, music or even just a warm body. I now realize that actively seeking for something makes it counterfeit. Not that we should keep our mouths shut and merely go with the flow. Nothing would more guarantee us a position as head crema-jockey at a Starbucks than that.

**Really, all that I'm trying to say on my way out is that we all came here to create, not to join a long-dead movement.** Four years after my orientation trip, I'm realizing that I spent too much time trying to iron out the idiosyncrasies of what I believe, instead of doing something. I've got a lot of respect for the folks here who take the bull by the balls and ride him through the pasture. We've just got to make sure that when we grab the bull, we grab him because we want to see what will happen—NOT because you just saw some hop-headed jackass clunking across the field, through briar and potholes, holding wildly onto the privates of a dangerous animal, and thought, “Wow! What a great idea!”

I wonder and worry what will happen come Fall on this campus if the army is still stationed, or for that matter escalating its attack,

in the Balkans. I'm picturing dozens of protests by students who still can't spell the names of any of these countries but will probably graduate anyway. My final words on going out, related to those about movements above, are that we've got to be careful not only about joining an aforementioned movement, but about joining one that's already dead. Let's face it, the Sixties aren't coming back. Janis and Jerry are dead. No matter how much of a trailer-trash violating goober he is, he is NOT LBJ. Cohen is not McNamara either. The Balkans are not Vietnam. Troubled, yes, but the troubles are a whole new generation's specific problems, unable to be solved by the tactics of both the military and the student rebels of our parents' generation. Tread lightly, and make sure that when you're standing on the steps of a federal building waiting to be arrested or clubbed over the head, that you can think of the key players and reasons why you're about to receive that lump on your scalp. It'll be a pitiful thing if Hampshire enters the media through ABC news footage of a bunch of kids screaming “Ho! Ho! Ho Chi Minh!” in support of the Yugoslav Embassy. Let's make a mark. Let's do something. Let's get together. Let's just not do this all for the sake of being remembered as jack-asses who thought that the Balkans were in Scandinavia.

Good Luck Takin' Down the Man.

A Man Who's Too Tired to Remember Why



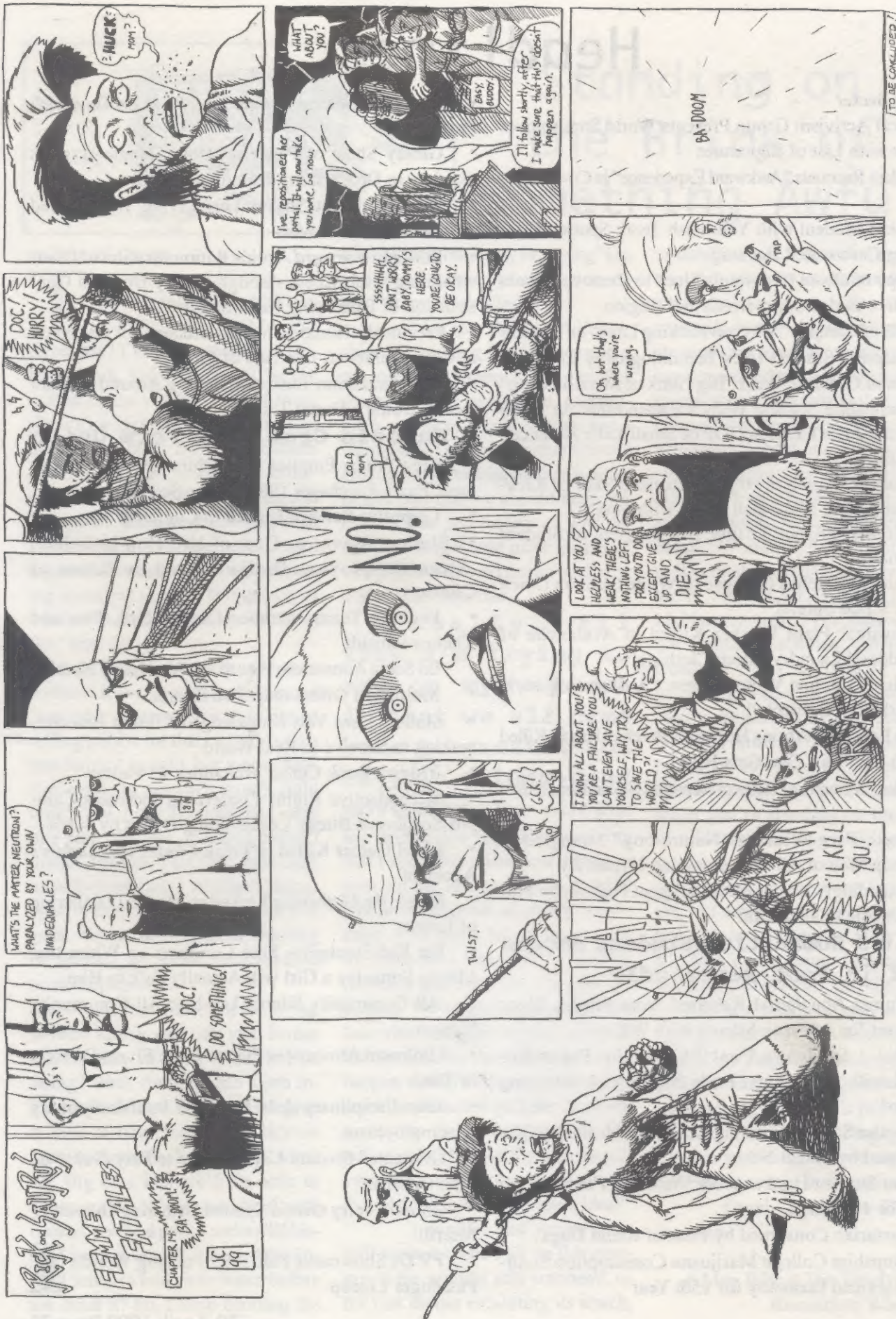


# Headlines

by Eric Becker

- Local Activism Group Presents World Superpower Nation with List of Signatures
- Student Recounts "Awkward Experience" in Co-ed Bathroom
- Obese Student with Yellowish Teeth Spotted Consuming Carbonated Beverage
- Copy of *Omen* Reportedly Used to Remove Excess Digestive End-product from Anal Region
- 95% of Campus "Way too Fucking Lazy" to Transfer
- Sculpture Student Uses Technologically Endowed Lemelson Center to Weld "Big Hunk of Metallic Crap"
- Hampshire Student Body's Expenditure on Fresh Samantha Juice Exceeds GDP of Small Latin American Republic
- Student Exercises Highly Practiced Skill of Kicking Little Sand-filled Ball in Air with Feet
- National Frizbee League still Figment of Student Imagination
- Student Catches Glimpse of White Stain on *Omen* Writer's Bed Spread
- Physical Plant Worker Killed in Avalanche of Abandoned Laundry Room Clothing
- Friend You just Visited Doesn't Answer to Knock, Masturbation Suspected
- Tree Falls Prior to being Hugged, 1 Barefoot Hippie Killed
- 5th Year Div. One Gets High
- Bike, Institutional Respect Reported Stolen from Dakin Quad
- North Face Wearing "Nature-boy" Strangled to Death in Web of All-encompassing Hypocrisy
- Exceedingly Verbose Unintelligent Philosophy Student Unable to Take Hint
- **Div 3 Humanities Student Shoots Self in Foot Repeatedly**
  - Mumia Abu Jamal Released from Prison, Signs Contract for 2 Season Sitcom with WB
  - Div 1 Student's First Philosophy Paper Returned with Comments, Pride Swallowed, Vomiting Induced
  - Theater Student Entering Real World Instantly Disseminated by Social Norm
  - Film Student Hard at Work Watching *Planet of the Apes* for 47th Time.
  - Vegetarian Consumed by Pack of Rabid Dogs
  - Hampshire College Marijuana Consumption Stabilizes Mexican Economy for 15th Year
- Hampshire Student turns in Final Paper on Time, Hell Frozen
- Glossy Sheet of Paper on Door Handle Inspires Student to Order Shitty Domminos Pizza
- Hippie Student Strikes Last Living White-tailed Fox with Range Rover
- Editor of *Forward* Avoids Rationalization of Overwhelming Uselessness through Highly Detailed Construction of Disturbing False Reality
- Previously Home-Schooled Student not Called on in Class Combusts into Ball of Fire
- Procrastination Linked to Sitting Around and not Really Doing a Damn Thing
- **Enfield Crab Lice Form Union**
  - Greg Prince Empties Hampshire College Endowment Fund, Purchases 1987 Dodge Spirit.
  - Cognitive Science Linked to Cognitive Fun
  - Student Moves to Beat of Hip Hop in School Store, Employees Overwhelmed by Sense of Coolness
  - Fencing Team Member Looses Eye, Fun and Games Subside
  - Ed Socia Announces Plan to Do Absolutely Nothing
  - Multisport Offers only Two Sports
  - Student Uses Vast Knowledge of Hemp Bracelet-making to Survive in Real World
  - Yiddish Book Center Welcomes 4<sup>th</sup> Visitor
  - Reproductive Rights Conference Increases Campus Surplus of Bitchy Complaining Dykes by 400%
  - Local Gamer Killed in Freak *Chutes and Ladders* Accident
  - *Magic the Gathering* Linked to Magical Gathering of Losers
  - Fat Kid Stockpiles Free Condoms on Whim that Maybe Someday a Girl will Actually Talk to Him
  - All Community Dinner Leads to All Community Hunger
  - Mailroom Announces Plan to Place Flyers Directly in Trash
  - Interdisciplinary Arts Leads to Interdisciplinary Unemployment
  - Graduated Student Uses Degree to Play Guitar on Street Corner
  - Ghost of Jerry Garcia Spotted Urinating Outside of Merrill
  - PVTA Showcases Fall 1999 Fucking Weirdo Passenger Lineup





TO BE CONCLUDED